

A Prayer

of Faith

By Nyx Martinez



It is our annual thanksgiving dinner. As is family tradition, our friend Chuck joins us to celebrate his birthday, which happens to be at the end of November. Chuck is full of stories; he has been blessed with a good life. He now narrates an event that took place in the early '80s. He is over 50 now, but remembers clearly the first real "miracle" he ever experienced, the first time he knew for certain that prayer wasn't just a ritual but held some unexplainable power.

When I first met the Christian missionaries from The Family, I invited them into my home when they needed a place to stay, and let them conduct Bible studies in my living room. But I didn't immediately grasp everything they told me about Jesus. I read the inspirational materials they gave me, but I remained skeptical and somewhat distant.

Then something happened that changed all that.

One morning while out for my daily jog, I doubled over from a stabbing pain in my back, which had begun a

week before. The pain did not subside, but rather intensified. That night I developed a high fever. I went to the hospital for an examination and explained my symptoms—blood in my urine, pain, fever. ... The diagnosis was chilling. Kidney stones. More tests were done, and I was told to come back the next day for the results.

Sick in both body and spirit, I went home to rest. There I told my Christian friends about my suffering. They, of course, offered to pray with me. But I stubbornly told them, "No, I don't think I have enough faith."

They just smiled and said, "Okay, we'll pray for that, too!"

And so they did. They prayed for my quick and complete recovery from whatever was ailing me, and for me to be cured from unbelief. They read Scriptures on healing and claimed them as though they were promises God had made directly and specifically to me.

At the end of the day, I found myself reading those verses over and over, and slowly I began to feel at peace. Something new was taking root in my heart—a tiny seed of faith.

The following morning, I felt much better, so I went first to work at my office, and then to the hospital for more tests. The doctor was clearly confused as he kept reading and rereading the test results. He handed them to me and tried to explain what I already knew—the X-ray showed nothing! Even the urine test—I had seen the red discoloration myself in the initial tests—was negative. I was healed!

The second set of tests was almost like a different patient's examination records, the doctor said. But I knew what had taken

place. It could only be called a miracle. I had been jogging for a week with that pain in my back and now it too was gone.

The pain was gone, all the symptoms of kidney stones were gone, and they were replaced with FAITH. That evening when I read the Bible with Family members—and for many years to come—I read it in a different light. It was no longer merely a source of intellectual stimulation but, as Jesus said, it was "spirit and life" (John 6:63). The words that had saved my life led me into a wonderful new one.

Everyone at the dinner table is captivated. They know that Chuck, of all people, relies on factual proof for his line of work. You see, Chuck is a lawyer. He has spent years dissecting and determining cogent evidence.

But now he confidently tells others that nothing is impossible where faith is possible—and that the prayer of faith cures not only the body, but also unbelief. "And I," Chuck concludes, "am living proof!"

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